The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

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. . EDITORIALS . .

CONCERNING SATURDAY'S GAME

With Saturday comes the conclusion of another football season for Saint Mary's. On that day the Red and Blue eleven will trot forth on the turf of Kezar Stadium in San Francisco to do battle with the plucky Bronco team of Santa Clara University in the annual Big Game between these two institutions.

And who will be returned the winner? Quite hard to decide. Both elevens lost to California and the Olympic Club, and both walloped Warner's powerful Card eleven. So, the outcome is quite dubious. It looks for all the world like an even break, with the team showing the most fight winning.

This annual grid battle with Santa Clara has always produced very good football. Odds never did mean anything in this contest. Underdog or not, both teams play the game with every ounce of energy at their command, and the outcome is always in doubt. This year, with both elevens meeting on even terms, a sparkling gridiron tilt is assured.

This being the official organ of Saint Mary's, we pick our team to win. But not without a very bitter struggle. The Saints have been in-and-outers all season. Starting off with a bang, they opened the eyes of the football fans of the country by trouncing Stanford, last year's national champs, 16 to 0. The following week they entered the California game 2 to 1 favorites, but in a complete reversal of form lost, 13 to 0. Following that upset, everything went along pretty well until the Olympic Club game, when the Galloping Gaels not only failed to gallop, but turned in the weirdest and most ragged exhibition of football that they were capable of, to lose, 12 to 0. So, with their defeats, their backers have dwindled, and now on Saturday they face Adam Walsh's Green Wave at even choice. We of the Collegian, pick them to win, because we know the brand of football they are capable of playing. If they play to win, and display the heads-up, hard-hitting grid talent they showed in the Stanford contest, they will win as they please. If the old fight is absent, the game is lost. But we are confident that the fighting spirit will be very much in prominence, that Madigan's Madmen will have red in their eyes, and the Galloping Gaels will trample the Broncos, and stem the onslaughts of the Green Wave for the fourth consecutive victory of the Oakland institution over its traditional rival.

AND NOW COMES MAGRUDER

That it does not pay to criticize the way things are run by the government, has been clearly shown in the case of three men, all high in governmental circles, who suffered as a result of their out-spokedness.

Two years ago Brig.-Gen. William Mitchell, Assistant Chief of the Army Air Service, was relieved of his command, and demoted to the rank of Colonel because he exposed how Army and Navy officials were throttling the progress of this country in the aeronautical line, and because he demanded that what now goes under the name of the Air Corps, be given equal consideration with the Army and Navy in plans for national defense.

A few weeks ago Major-General Summerall was called back to Washington because of his criticism of American army barracks.

The most recent case however, was that of Admiral Magruder. He, in a series of magazine articles, came flatly out and said that the basis on which the U. S. Navy is run, is grossly and absolutely uneconomical. For this he has been removed from his command of the Philadelphia Navy Yard by Secretary Wilbur. Though Mitchell's career was sacrificed, his statements obviously had some effect, and we are now embarked on a real air program. Now comes the criticism of Summerall and Magruder. What are we to conclude? These men are not talking to get into the public eye. They evidently know what they are speaking about. There is probably a fly in the ointment as far as the governmental control methods in their lines are concerned. So probably flaws exist in the other lines as well. Perhaps if we had a few more Mitchells and Magruders, things would be run in a thoroughly ship-shape manner.

THIS MEANS YOU!

Now that the student body of Saint Mary's has shown a substantial increase, one would expect that the school spirit around the institution would show a corresponding added fervor. But what ever the cause may be, it has not. This has been plainly shown in the support afforded the football team in the last few games.

At the beginning of the season, a win over a strong opponent put the students in ecstasies. A little later, an unexpected defeat dampened their ardor. Since then the attendance at games has dropped off until now only a mere handful put in their appearance.

It looks like the old Saint Mary's spirit, that of which the institution was so proud, is defunct. Years back, when only two or three hundred students attended the college, the teams got their whole-hearted support. Is it possible, now that we have grown a little, that we have relegated into that "we want a winner" spirit? No team can win all the time, and it won't win at all unless supported. The Saint Mary's eleven has won some notable victories, which are phenomenal for a college of its size, and it deserves the support of every member of the student body.

So now that the Santa Clara contest is at hand, let's see a revival of that old Saint Mary's fervor. Show Coach Madigan that you appreciate his efforts. Show the team that you are behind it, win, lose, or draw. Show this, and do it plainly by attending the game Saturday in a body, every mother's son of you. We don't only want to defeat the Broncos, we want to out-yell their rooting section, and show them that as far as supporting a team is concerned, they still have lots to learn.

THE HIGH COST OF WOMEN

Mr. W. L. Barnhart, vice president of the National Surety Company of New York, comes forth with the statement that the old-fashioned girl who was satisfied if her beau took her to the theatre, gave her a box of candy, and treated her to an ice-cream soda on the way home, no longer exists. What sad disillusionment to the fancies of the budding male youth!

Barnhart goes further to say that the girls of today expect a man to spend $50 or $100 for a single evening's entertainment. That it was once possible to have a good time on $5, but those days are gone forever.

We may as well start by saying that we think Mr. Barnhart is all wrong. It is still possible to have a very pleasurable time on $5. Surely, an evening out with the girl friend, under ordinary conditions, should cost no more than $10. Indeed, we think if things were investigated, the average escort "gets by" on less than $5.

Those women who expect a man to spend $50 or $100 on them in one night, are the type known as "gold diggers." If Mr. Barnhart speaks from experience, let us state right here that he got entangled with the "butterfly" faction of the feminine forces. These are the wrong ones to cite as criterions in this case. They are only after what they can get out of one, and sensible men steer clear of them.

We are sure that if the average girl had such wild tastes, they would wait a long time for an escort, never get a mate, and the cause of future generations would be a lost one. The right kind of a girl goes with a man because she likes him, enjoys his company. Mr. Barnhart may be a good banker, but he should stick to his safe deposit vaults. He is deeply in error here. Perhaps he is a woman-hater. If so, we can easily see what prompted him in his assertions. Anyway, he is pretty hard on the young women of the nation, and with substantial proof as to his error, they should come out in force and make him recant.

MR. HEARST WANTS ANOTHER CHAPULTEPEC

The recent scare headlines of Mexican propaganda and plots against the U. S., is so typical of Hearst journalism that we are almost becoming reconciled to it. Like the uncourteous conductor, the traffic cop, and the football official, it is now taken for granted. But if we pause to consider the tremendous power of the press on uneducated minds, the truth of the printed word being taken for granted by so very many, there seems to be some reason for questioning the freedom that Mr. Hearst makes use of in his papers.

Judging by the headlines, one would think that the only thing left for any decent American citizen would be to enter the army at once and avenge the insults done to American arms and spirit by the Mexicans. It will be recalled that Hearst is repeating the same tactics that he employed in the Spanish-American War and the previous trouble with Mexico—he makes use of every means in his power to foment hard feelings between the two countries, and then ridicule our ideas of war and everything else. But this, as the condemnation of boxing and other things, is designed to sell the papers. A war would boost the sales of his jellow journals by the thousands. We wonder if this could possibly be the reason why Mr. Hearts does these things. It surely looks like it. F. P. B.

MY FRIEND, MR. B.

Some enterprising young chemist is going to come forth one bright day and startle this staid smoking universe with a declaration of the pernicious effects of tobacco upon those who do not smoke. I have an unpleasant association of the first night I spent with B— in his comfortable cottage on the crest of Russian Hill. It was B's pipe. Foul is a strong adjective, but it seems to be unable to describe adequately the noxious fumes which were emitted from B—'s pipe. I was well nigh asphyxiated the first evening and it was quite a spell before I came to be fully acclimatized. Now that pipe is indispensible; it somehow seems to enhance the evening's pleasure. I won't be surprised to see myself take up the pipe. It will add to reminiscence.

There are some who crave feminine companionship. I neither envy nor chide them. I may be a dreamer, a builder of fairy castles in distant unreal realms, peopled with creatures, wistful creatures of a temperament similar to mine, of my imagination. That is why those delightful evenings I passed with B— are cherished in my memory. It is this type of masculine friendship which seems to me to transcend above earthly things. There is something mystical about it. B— was always going way beneath the surface. He was always burrowing, endeavoring to get the essence of things, not in the unromantic way of the scientist, but much more after the manner of the artist that he was. There was also in his voice, in his whole philosophy of life, a note of wistfulness, if I do not make too bold. He was not a pessimist, neither a skeptic, but a romancer, but that dominant note was there.

An impression I do not want to give you of B— is that he was always talking. That is far from the true case. He had long periods of silence. I would visit him and many a time for an evening not a word would escape from either of us. There was no rudeness here, but a sort of tacit agreement between us which seemed to be communicated without word or gesture.

For hours we would sit there gazing into space with the cozy warmth of B—'s old fashioned fireplace enveloping us and the crackling of the logs piercing the solemn stillness of the late evening. I was conjuring up my castles. B—, who would venture to say where he was- I am not one to believe I could ever comprehend the depth of B—. I think that even he, if he wished, could have crystallized his deeper emotions and given them expression. His world was different from mine. He was a genius, and genius lives in a realm of its own. These long hours that we spent together silently I don't think we wasted. It will be seen in my friend's discussion that follows how he sought to go deep. He never was satisfied with superficialities, but he was always seeking the significant elements of whatever occupied his attention.

My remarks of a certain evening were in this vein: "You are aware, no doubt more so than myself, of the fact that many essays and books have been written on the subject of fine literature, but so few, if any, go to the heart of things." At present I can recall nothing really vital that has been publish of recent years. Of course, I admit that my demands in the matter are rather exacting, but even so I do not believe that I ask too much. Alice Meynell, whom we may regard a trifle mystical in her statement that the laws "of verse" which, if they did not "in the highest empyrean have their birth," were not begotten of the present generation of "mortal men." I include the quotation because it bears a few suggestive bits, although it is far-fetched.

"Take the question of art," I continued. "How many critics do you find arraigned alongside of art, and, on the other hand, how many do you find smiling upon the idea of art? Personally, I see an affinity between these two, which admits of no cleavage. Art is essentially life. Although I believe that it takes a great deal of life to make a little art, as the critic said. Of course this controversy deals mostly with fiction, although, of late, poetry seems to have been also affected by it. W. C. Brownell has approximated the matter with a startling degree of accuracy even in the face of the rigors of my requirements. I am not wholly satisfied however with his observation that 'Art may permissibly now and then take a holiday from interpreting and revel as efflorescence, but life can never cease to be potential artistic material. If it ever excusingly seems meaningless, then for art that is its meaning—meaning on which it is less pleasant than profitable to reflect, and which for that reason is so often banished from the modern bosom, already actively predisposed to take unto itself the uninterpreted raw material instead.'"

He is right when he says that "life can never cease to be potential artistic material." But that does not settle the entire matter. What would you say? It was a while before B— answered me. I wonder whether I had made myself clear. After a long pause he spoke.

(B—'s remarks will appear in the next issue.)

DUSTY ITEMS

M. AIKIN

ADDENDUM WITH APOLOGIES

Of the attributes which distinguish a confirmed editor from one who is not, whimsicality—that capricious disregard for the rights of contributors, occupies a place above and beyond all others. Should we not rejoice then, gentle readers, upon learning that the editor of our Collegian possesses that attribute to a surpassing degree? Why, to sever an article, to slice off its tail and serve up the bleeding fragment to an unsuspecting audience—this is as naught to him! Therefore, the hapless preparer of this jargon must now hasten with the disjoined segment, begging the readers to recall what was said of plagiarism, and continuing anon as though that rude, if highly efficient agent had not interrupted the otherwise serene course of our monologue.

We were saying that Charles Reade, in his "Picture in my Uncle's Dining Room," made use of a certain tale called "The Old M'sieu's Secret," which in turn was traced to a story entitled with singular appropriateness, "Where Shall He Find Her?" And we were in the act of confessing that the three stories were "borrowed" from Mme. de Reyhaud's "Bme. de Malepierre," when the thread was snapped.

But this was by no means the end of the affair, for while yet the English critics were voicing their indignation, Von Bosse, a German writer, published a Teutonic version of the story, which he called, "Das Lebende Bild." We shall not venture to estimate the wealth of stories which each of these in its turn has inspired . . . .

The great poet, Coleridge, was not loathe to commit a glorious plagiarism upon an obscure poem by the German authoress, Frederica Brunn. Her "Chamouni at Sunrise" shines in English literature as Coleridge's immortal "Hymn." And who will accuse Coleridge of plagiarism? As De Quincey observes, "the dry bones of the German outline have been created by him into the fulness of life."

An amusing incident is related of Anstey, the novelist. While rummaging among the bookstalls of Paris, he happened upon a volume called "Le Caniche Noir." The title struck him as rather familiar, and after glancing over a few pages, he found the book to be none other than his own "Black Poodle," wagging, "a la Francaise," his friendly tail! Perhaps Anstey was not a little annoyed by this rank plagiarism, but he pocketed his ire, and calmly set about to write a letter to the French author, congratulating him upon his "originalite vraiment extraordinaire." He asked permission to translate the "Caniche Noir" into English, and assured him that he would treat the matter with the utmost sympathy. The other replied (in English) that he did not think the book merited the high praise which Mr. Anstey heaped upon it, and added: "About your demand for adaptation, I am sorry to tell you that I am my own translator, and that the 'Caniche Noir' already exists in English."

Well, at least we shall not attempt to defend such an out and out robbery as this! There is plagiarism, and plagiarism, and though both are crimes, yet one avoids the criminal stigma by restoring a forgotten gem ,or by embellishing a pebble so that it shines as a gem. The plagiarist who seeks justification must emulate Churchill's gypsies:

"Like gypsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own."

And if he would exalt his offense to the sphere of virtue, he must do as Sheridan did with this very couplet: "Steal! to be sure they may; and, egad, serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own."

AN ELIZABETHAN PRODIGY

The name of the Admirable Crichton is familiar to everyone, but alas, such is the insecurity of human renown that today, were it not for a butler in Barrie's play of that name, his title, as well as his identity, might long since have succumbed to oblivion. But the Admirable Crichton lived a considerable time before either the playwright, or "The Admirable Crichton." He was born in Scotland, in 1560, and received the epitaph "admirable" by reason of his remarkable abilities. At the age of twelve he was a full-fledged Bachelor of Arts, and at fourteen a Master of Arts. As though this were not unusual enough, three years later, in Paris, he challenged the entire learned world, offering to answer, in public, any question put to him in theology, jurisprudence, logic, mathematics, medicine or any of the sciences, in either prose or verse, in any of the several languages—Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Syrian, Arabic, Slavonic, French, English, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, or Dutch! And what is still more marvelous, he fulfilled his boast.

As his fame spread abroad, he traveled to Rome, Venice, and Padua, where he amazed the most sapient scholars and philosophers. At the age of twenty-two, the Duke of Mantua obtained him as a tutor for his son—a dissolute youth who was unsuited for so accomplished a companion and master. For Crichton, besides being a scholar, was a musician and a painter of ability, an actor, a dancer, a fencer, handsome in person, engaging in manner, and a thorough man of the world!

While celebrating the Carnival in 1583 he was beset by three masked men whose leader he disarmed, and unmasked. Upon discovering his assailant to be his pupil, the son of the Duke, he gallantly knelt and returned the sword. But the dastardly prince, overcome with chagrin, plunged the sword through him, and so the Admirable Crichton died before his time, at the age of twenty-three, when his fame was still young. Verily, we may repeat for him the line which laments Chatterton: "Oh! early ripe, what would increasing years have added to thy store!"

PERIODICALS

R. PAGE

HISTORY OF RUSSIAN COMMUNISM—PART II

Current History, 1927, and The National Geographic November, 1926

Before beginning our discussion upon the functional element of the Russian government it would be well to examine the structural side and the nation itself.

Russia is an immense country. It covers 8,200,000 square miles; it is a distance of 5,796 miles across the Soviet union and the train ride is almost twice as long. "Russia is the baby giant among nations, full grown but not grown up."

Politically, it is divided into six republics which constitute the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. The central government of the U. S. R. R. is elected at the annual convention of the Representatives of the various autonomous republics which are members of the union.

The central government determines the international policy of the union, and it also determines the economic internal policy. The country is politically integrated; all industrial economic activity is planned by a central assembly, The Supreme Economic Council, the members of which are appointed by the people's commissar.

Russia has always been an agricultural country, never during the time Czarism held sway did she rank in the industrial world. This excessive emphasis upon agriculture, and almost complete neglect of industry was largely responsible for her non-progressive stagnation. The founders of Bolshevism realized this and took immediate steps to remedy it. The basis of the N. E. P. became to fully develop the country's productive forces, both agricultural and industrial. The end the administrators have is to make Russia sufficient unto herself. The results they have accomplished can best be realized by an examination of the records of the tireless Soviet statistician.

Our first inquiry will concern itself with the finances of Russia as shown in the government budget. When the Communistic government took control of Russia it found the finances of the country in a state of absolute ruin. The three years of the terrible civil wars that raged throughout the nation made worse the financial situation, and it was only after their termination that the stabalization of the financial system began. In 1920 the deficit shown on their budget was 85 per cent, which was covered by the issuance of bank notes. This deficit steadily decreased until 1923-24 when it was 29 per cent, and in 1924 the old paper money was driven out of circulation and a new monetary unit was issued. From 1924-25 on, the budgets ceased to show a deficit.

The taxes of the working masses have been reduced by the Soviet government. Before the revolution, the peasants were taxed 10 rubles (51.5) per head per annum, while in 1925-26 the same group paid about 8.48 rubles. About one-fourth of the peasantry and workers, earning less than 100 rubles per month, are exempt, while the number of dependents upon the earnings of an employee are also taken into consideration in the fixing of the taxes. The city proletariat, on the other hand, pays annually about 80 rubles per head.

During the great war and civil disturbances Russia suffered, in common with other European countries, a tremendous industrial set-back. What little she had accomplished in productive work was lost and the greater part of the machinery was either destroyed or rendered useless. The Soviets did not have much to work with, but with the introduction of the N. E. P., attention was devoted to the restoration of the old machinery and the building of new. A comparison of statistics of 1921 with 1927 will suffice to show the industrial advancement.

In 1921, the gross production was only 20 per cent of what it was in 1913. In 1927 it was 102 per cent of 1913. The industrial capital in 1923-24 was 5,568,000,000 rubles, while in 1926-27 it was 6,655,000,000 rubles, representing an increase of over a billion rubles. Considering the fact that the capital of other countries is as yet participating to a very small extent in the economic reconstruction of the U. S. S. R., the achievement is truly remarkable.

"The conditions of the worker have been improved, he and his family are incomparably better housed than before. He has an annual vacation with pay. Monthly rents, light and water are negligible; the unions furnish him country resthouses for the summer, free medical attention when sick, and a pension when he is too old to work."

We find in agriculture a different condition than in industry. The latter is largely controlled by the government, while the former is almost entirely in the hands of the peasants. Statistics show that 97 per cent of the farms are privately owned.

According to data of the Central Statistical Administration the sown area in comparison with 1913, is as follows. In 1913 there were 106,823,000 dessiatins (one dessiatin equals about 2.7 acres) under cultivation. In 1924 this figure dropped to 86,820,000 dessiatins. In 1927 it is estimated that 102,853,000 dessiatins of land were cultivated. The gross agricultural output has grown from 8,821,000,000 rubles in 1923-24 to 12,775,000,000 rubles in 1927.

Our next discussion will concern itself with the cultural and educational advancement under Soviet Russia.

BOOKS

A HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY

By Leo. F. Miller, D.D.
Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., London; B. Herder, New York
Copyright, 1927

The problems of philosophy are tasks which the human mind cannot avoid. These problems have always been the same. The approaches—the actual motivations toward a logical solution of the "primeval enigma of existence" have been numerous; but in some fashion every philosophy has striven to reach, over a more or less extensive field, a formulation in conception of the material immediately given in the world and in life, and so, as these efforts have passed into history, the constitution of the mental and spiritual life has been gradually disclosed. The history of philosophy, then, is the process in which humanity has embodied in scientific concepts its views of the world and its judgments of life.

To appraise the value of a History of Philosophy one should have a standard of comparison. What must this criterion be? It should establish with exactitude what may be derived from the available sources as to the circumstances in life, the mental development and the doctrines of individual philosophers; and from these facts reconstruct the genetic process in such a manner that in the case of every philosopher we may understand how his doctrines depend in part upon his predecessors, in part upon the "zeit-geist" and in part upon his own nature and education; and from a consideration of the whole to estimate the value of the theories to the total result of the History of Philosophy. The book which favorably combines these necessary qualities may rightly be called a History of Philosophy.

Father Miller's History of Philosophy is but another treatise dealing with the thought of the past. The book is crowded with fact—it is complete in its extension. The facts of life—the philosophy—the historical position of every known philosopher—his school and influence is pressed into a volume of two hundred and thirty-six pages. It is indicative of great effort and an unusual ability to draw out the essentials of each philosopher. The arrangement of material is masterly. The history of philosophy is divided into four great periods: (1) Greek philosophy; (2) Patristic philosophy; (3) Medieval philosophy; (4) Modern philosophy. Under this division Greek philosophy is separated into the Cosmocentric period; the Anthropocentric period; the Theocentric period; and then followed by the different schools and individual philosophers. Each philosopher is treated in an outline form, his life, philosophy and historical importance. The essentials are all present, but in a sketchy manner. Philosophy presented in this form is "dry." There is little incentive to memorize the mere facts of life and theory. Philosophy is not a "dry" subject and should not be handled in a tiresome manner.

Father Miller has added nothing new to our knowledge of the past, but has omitted much of what other histories of philosophy have included. He does not mention, possibly due to the limitations of the small volume, that philosophy receives both its problems and materials for solution from the ideas of the general consciousness of the time, and from the needs of society. The movements of the religious consciousness, the intuitions of art, the revolutions in social and political life are things of interest, which forces now these, now those problems into the foreground, and no less do they condition also the changes which questions and answers experience in the course of time.

As previously mentioned, a history of philosophy must conform with an accepted standard; it cannot be distorted. Will. Durant, in his "Story of Philosophy" deals with characters and the superficialities of philosophy. It is void of material. Miller forgets, or sacrifices, the interesting phaze for the presentation of mere fact. Windelband, in his History combines all the desirable qualities—he conforms to the standard.

Its history sets forth no common advancement or gradual approximation to a knowledge of the subject in question. Successors develop what has been already achieved; yet each of the great systems of philosophy begins to formulate its newly discovered problems as if the other systems had hardly existed. Still there is a connection—an influence—relation and inter-relation—a plan—a purpose and end to it all. A history of Philosophy must show these in connection with the facts and essentials. It is this all inclusiveness which alone gives to the History of Philosophy its problem and its justification.

Newell J. Hooey, '28.

"WHAT I THINK"

A Symposium on Books and Other Things by Famous Writers of Today

Edited by H. Greenough Smith
(Editor of "The Strand Magazine")

George Newnes Limited—London

For the most part people who read books are interested in those who make them, and it is to this group that this informative little volume is directed. It contains the answers to various questions put to prominent English authors. Some of the chapters are: How I Write My Book, Unconscious Plagiarism, The Book I Enjoyed Writing, and The Most Moving Passages in Literature.

The book is interesting because of the sensible questions put to the authors. There are no posers. Neither are there any questions which one would hardly expect a writer to answer with any degree of authority. They are all questions with reference to the fascinating craft of these people.

In telling how he writes his books, Bernard Shaw remarks that "When I have anything to say that seems worth saying to the public I take a pen or typewriter and write it down and get it published." He advises young authors to "read Anthony Trollope's Autobiography," now obtainable in cheap edition. Many of its pages were written to help them.

Other authors answer the query by telling of very carefully laid methods of writing, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who believes that accuracy should be the aim of the author writing an historical novel, and this can be obtained by reading a great deal of the age in which the novel takes place, taking notes, and using a cross index of terms, etc.

The chapter under "Unconscious Plagiarism" is very enlightening, bringing to light sundry remarkable coincidences in the matter of plagiarism which challenge one's credibility.

When asked to name the book they most enjoyed writing, many of the authors asserted that the task of writing was no labor of love, but rather irksome and depressing. To quote Clemence Dane, the playwright: "I dislike writing and get little pleasure out of the actual work . . . I am afraid this is unromantic, but it's true." It appears that the factor which contributes most to making the task of writing unpleasant, is the demands of the publishers who are more intent upon selling books than upon pleasing scriveners.

Among favorite hymns we find Cardinal Newman's "Lead Kindly Light" selected by the majority. Our own Jack London tells "How I Broke Into Print." G. K. Chesterton speaks of "The Book I Shall Never Write," with "What I should really like to write would be a true romance of the middle ages, in which a reasonable amount of fighting and killing should be combined with some faint comprehension of what men thought worth fighting for, and how they felt about having to die. For instance, the Franciscans preached against people very much like modern pessimists; the fight between St. Francis and Schopenhauer would go down to the roots, if religion were neither ignored nor patronized. But it would need the learning of Flaubert, or Mr. Well's forthcoming work on the climate-maker. Such a lot of science is needed for such a little art."

There are other chapters, all very interesting, for the most part revealing these author-folk to be as interesting as the books they write. H. Greenough Smith has succeeded in compiling a fascinating little volume that is a welcome diversion from the current output, the majority of which promise a great deal, but always fall short of their promises.

LEANINGS

The American reading public is indeed fortunate. The weary laborer and the tired business man who desire to read nothing but the best are nowadays aided and abetted by the latest creations of our contemporary civilization, "The Literary Guild" and the "Book-of-a-month-club." We not only have the push button at our side whereby we can satisfy our slightest wish with a minimum of exertion, but now we can also read the best without wading through ten thousand books which the "Literary Guilders" and the "Book-of-a-monthers" tell us are published each year. This is a welcome relief. But it is no wonder our professors are wont to despair of the future, prognosticating strange creatures sans arms and legs resulting from a standardized and contraption civilization which does everything but digest our food for us. Not only that, but our forward-looking pedagogues can vision the era when we shall have our novels delivered to us via the radio In this forecast they are not alone. A book we have just drawn from the city library bears this intelligence: " . . . Gazing into my crystal set, I see the beginning of the end of the world of books—I see a bookless old age marking the senile decay of the human race—I see the printing of books tumbled into the gulfs of lost arts, wirelessed away to the long last of oblivion." Which goes our professorial friend one better, he only predicted the passing of the novel.

We suppose that we do these well meaning folks of the Guild, etc., an injustice, no doubt they perform an admirable service that meets with much welcome in some circles, where our humble depreciation will be regarded as an untimely slight. Well, if such be our fate, we shall as our esteemed "Dusty Itemizer," straightway betake ourselves to some solitary spot and profoundly meditate upon man's inhumanity to man.

Our quarrel—if these disordered mutterings can claim the dignity— with these current literary efficiency experts springs from a deep-rooted personal conviction that a man's book, like his wife, must be selected by himself. Even the book reviewer can offer him but little aid, he must formulate his own literary creed and develop his own literary taste which will enable him to exercise a mature discrimination in the selection of books. Frankly, we think that the months when a new book is published that is worth relinquishing ones hard earned American money on, are few and far between. Intelligent reading implies more than avidly grasping at each new yarn that comes off the press.

But this is not all! Now comes the "American Caravan, a Yearbook of American Literature," edited by Van Wyck Brooks, Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford and Paul Rosenfield. The preface of the book gives very adequately the idea of the symposium. "The first issue is the result of a spiritual as well as geographical canvass of the country. For some time past the editors have been conscious that the passive and recessive attitude of the leading magazines toward new files of reality and fresh racy attacks, was depriving a great variety of national development of their outlets. Eager to create a progressively broader expression of American life, the editors sent out a manifesto intended to reach all living American writers. It embodied a request for appropriate contributions."

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DRAMA

"THE MYSTERY SHIP"

"The Mystery Ship," a Henry Duffy presentation, is the latest of stage thrillers that has been brought before a San Francisco audience. It is, as the title would imply, a mystery drama of melodramatic qualities, providing much in the way of intense situations and decidedly uncanny episodes. Though "The Mystery Ship" does not equal such plays as "The Gorilla," and "The Bat," it most assuredly is deserving of a more than mediocre standing in the category of productions of this type.

Because of its very nature, "The Mystery Ship" depends more upon hair-raising predicaments and creepy events than it does upon individual acting or highly developed character portrayals. The three cleverly constructed acts of this mystery drama are filled with seemingly unfathomable happenings and ghost-like apparitions, which are of course not explained until the very end of the play. "The Mystery Ship" has an effective beginning—a pistol shot is heard while the theatre is in total darkness and the audience is immediately placed into a state of excitement, which is kept up until the so-called murder is solved.

The story is confined to a supposed-to-be sanguinary killing committed on board the S. S. Mongonia, enroute from New York to Southampton. Everything from disappearing corpses to suddenly extinguished lights makes itself evident in the successful effort to keep the audience tensioned and eagerly interested in the search for the guilty parties. The plot is quite ingenious, contains motivation and a lucid explanation of the mysterious happenings at the grand finale, which is not always attended to in plays of this sort.

The acting is commendable and quite up to the standard. Action, however is the foremost element of the play; it matters not whether it is manifested in the firing of a gun or the shrieking of the heroine, as long as the desired effects are produced. Most of the cast fit nicely into their characterizations, though some noticeably overdo their parts. All contribute to the success of the play by keeping very much alive and putting themselves into the spirit of the whole affair. The result is a well-balanced production which gives the assembled patrons thrills, and in this measure fulfills its purpose. "The Mystery Ship" manages to hold its audience and in future performances will continue to do so, for it creates the necessary atmosphere of enshrouded mystery and reinforces or renews it until the inevitable climax of the last act.

Those individuals who enjoy unforgettable acting will not find it by witnessing this play. However, those persons who seek thrilling entertainment, light surfaced and absorbing, will find it in "The Mystery Ship." It is a good mystery drama, clean and certainly not dull.

L. C.

"THE GHOST TRAIN"

This play, after a successful run in San Francisco, has come to the Fulton and seems to appeal as much to Oakland audiences as it did to the people of the city across the bay.

"The Ghost Train" is a mystery play, demanding little of its players other than the ability to instill the sense of horror and suspense in the audience. As most of the people seem to go to the theatre intending to be shocked, the play is a success for the greater part of those present. The plot is simple, reminding one of nothing so much as the old thriller detective stories,—all the characters of these blood-curdling tales are here; the estranged husband and wife who are reconciled in the end, the young honeymooners, and the customary comedy duo is supplied by Teddie Deakin (the man in knickers) and Miss Bourne (the lady with the parrot). These people have little more to do than speak their lines and appear shocked at the various happenings, the audience supplies the rest. What with the darkness of the stage and the occasional clanging of the train, there is little difficulty in hiding any deficiencies on the part of the actors. Altogether, it is a melodrama serving to amuse, more or less thoroughly, for an hour and a half.

It would hardly be fair to those who intend to see the play, to repeat the plot in these columns, suffice to say that when all the characters are drawn into an old haunted railroad waiting room, things begin to happen, with great rapidity, as the shrieks of the audience will attest. Even here we would question the skillfullness of construction, as there are a good many points where interest lags and we lose the sense of impending horror. Perhaps the very obvious attempts to shock us, the poor gags of the comic characters, and the whole melodramatic tone of the production cause this feeling. But it is being hyper-critical to thus criticize a play that probably was not intended to be thus severely investigated. It was written in order to appeal to a certain class of people, and is successful inasmuch as it does.

The number of themes similar to that used in "The Ghost Train," together with their popularity, causes us to wonder where the theatre will finally end. There are any number of playwrights who are grinding out stuff of this melodramatic sort, the public is devouring it with great avidity, and so, what will be the effect? There is a very apt quotation in the work of Allardyce Nicoll, which so appealed to us that it seemed worthy of being quoted here. "It is only too true that this lesser drama has usurped to a large extent the position occupied by the greater works of the early years of the century. Revues of the most inane and often the most indecent sort have followed one another in our larger theatres with monotonous regularity. Romantic musical comedies have run for years. A trivial lifeless pierrotic show has captured and is still capturing popular attention—Drury Lane continues its series of more spectacular melodramatic excitements. But our playwrights are turning to their old themes and their old ways, striving to regain something of that power which seemed to be lost between 1914 and 1920, and new dramatists are arising with fresh aims and reinspired enthusiasm. In many ways it is evident that circumstances are shaping themselves for an even greater dramatic impetus in the future."

And with this optimistic note, we will close our revue of "just another melodrama."

STAFF

DEPARTMENTS

W. W. KELLER, '28 - - - - - Drama
L. COMTE, '28 - - - - - - Drama
N. SULLIVAN, '28 - - - - - - Sports
E. HINES, '29 - - - - - - - Sports
A. DEMARTINI, '28 - - - - - Books
H. BERTAIN, '29 - - - - - Alumni

NEWS

J. FITZGERALD, '30 G. DELEW, '28
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FROSH BEAT BRONCO BABES 7-6 IN HOT GAME

SINGLE POINT DECIDES GAME AT MISSION FIELD

Three cheers for Coach "Dutch" Conlan and his Saint Mary's Freshmen! They won their big game from the Santa Clara Frosh by the margin of a single point. The final score was 7 to 6 in favor of the young Saints. As the score indicates the game was hard fought, and it shows how evenly matched both teams were.

This game marked the first meeting of freshman football teams representing Saint Mary's and Santa Clara, and it surely was a good one. Approximately three thousand fans saw the game, which was played at Santa Clara. The victory climaxed a very successful season in which Conlan's charges lost but two games, one to the California Frosh and the other to the Stanford Grays.

The Gael frosh had the advantage throughout the contest because of Stennett's superior kicking. Very little yardage was made by either team through the line, and the touchdown made by the Santa Clara frosh came in the second quarter when Captain Boyle, playing safety, fumbled on his own thirty yard line and the ball was recovered by Santa Clara. A pass to Casanova resulted in a touchdown for the Bronco Babes. Axt missed the try for point, and the Broncos were leading 6 to 0 when the half ended.

In the third quarter, following an exchange of punts, Saint Mary's took the ball on their own thirty yard line. After advancing it to the forty yard mark, Stennett went off tackle, and dodged his way sixty yards to a touchdown, tying the score. The goal after touchdown was missed, but the officials awarded Saint Mary's the extra point because Santa Clara was offside. This represented all the scoring done in the game.

(Continued on page 8)

Last Game For Three Saturday

There are three men on the Varsity who will make their last appearance in a Gael suit against Santa Clara at Kezar Saturday. They are:

Larry Bettencourt—From Washington Union High, Centerville. In his first year came into prominence by a great game against U. S. C. Since then he has played regularly in the center position. Captain for this year. He scored 11 touchdowns in his football career at Saint Mary's, three of them this season. This, with his all around ability stamps him as the logical All-American candidate for center this year.

Pope Illia—Product of Saint Mary's High. A consistent player. Not sensational, but always in the game. Pope has played regularly for the last three years. One of the best guards on the Coast, one of the most stalwart of the stalwarts.

Ray McIntyre—From Sacred Heart High, S. F. Has played almost every position on the team. Had difficulty in hitting his stride. Found it in the fullback position this year. Fastest man on the squad; should give the Broncos plenty of trouble. In the game against the College of Pacific, "Mac" played his best. Following the contest, a S. F. sport writer described him as "having the drive of a Merrick and the deception of an O'Gorman." He plans to use this ability to good advantage Saturday.

Smiling "Slip"

This is the smile of victory which Coach Madigan affirms he will wear Saturday

ST. MARY'S AND SANTA CLARA IN BIG GAME AT KEZAR SATURDAY

BOTH TEAMS ENTER AT EVEN CHOICE; BREAKS WILL GO FAR IN DETERMINING WINNER

By Noel Sullivan

The big football game between Saint Mary's and Santa Clara looms on the horizon as one of the grid classics of the year. Both elevens have triumphed over Stanford, and both have lost to California and the Olympic Club. However it is foolish to try and predict the outcome of a game between natural rivals such as the Gaels and the Broncos, because too often has the well known dope bucket been kicked over when these rival colleges meet to do battle.

A brief comparison of the starting line-ups of the two teams will go to show how evenly they are matched, and will give some inkling of how hard fought the game will be. At center, Larry Bettencourt, Gael captain and candidate for All-American honors, will face Guido Granucci, the reliable pivot man of the Broncos. Both are playing their last game for their Alma Mater, and they will try to make it their best. However, the edge goes to Bettencourt because of his superior all-round playing.

Opposing each other at guard are Pope Illia, another fourth year man playing his last year for Saint Mary's, against Schenone. "Hoot" Herrin, at right guard, will furnish the opposition for Caresse. The edge, which is slight, can be given to the Saints at these positions. The tackle position will find Ackerman of the Gaels, and Red Chisholm of the Broncos matched. These two huskies are both very good football players and the battle should be worth watching. Both Ackerman and Chisholm have been towers of strength in their respective lines, and both will be trying to outshine the other.

On the other side of the line Al Tobin will make things interesting for Ahart. Both are big and fast, both know the game well, and any plays through either one will have to have plenty of deception and power. Another powerful man is "Siggy" Lien, right end, who will be in there fighting to uphold the reputation of the Gaels. Ike Frankian will be his running mate and between them they will stop plenty of plays, and on more than one occasion will the Bronco safety man feel himself hit hard. Valine and Kerchoff, Bronco wing men, are not far behind "Siggy" and Frankian, but none have the record of Ike Frankian, who is one of the best, if not the best end on the Coast.

Should any of our linemen weaken there is Westkamper, Herrin, Higgins, Murphy, Sperbeck, Seghetti and McGaraghan to step in . The Broncos also have some high class reserve material in the following: Sidener, McGovern, Koller, O'Daniels and Leonard. Whatever edge there is in the line can be conceded to the Saints.

The Saint backfield will probably consist of Driscoll at quarter, O'Gorman and Merrick, or perhaps Simas at halves, and Pitchford at full. Johnson, Joe Rooney, Kasperowicz, Dick Scar-

(Continued on page 8)

Frosh Team To Get Awards

The new business in the hands of the student body at present is the question of Freshman awards. It is in the air whether they will be awarded just the numeral, or be given light sweaters with the numerals attached. All this will be taken care of at the next meeting. As other colleges give the sweaters with the numerals, it is safe to say that, that will be the decision.

S. M. AND SANTA CLARA TO DEBATE

WILL BE RENEWAL OF FORENSIC ACTIVITIES

As a resumption of forensic activities between Saint Mary's and the University of Santa Clara, the Associated Debating Societies, under the auspices of the A. P. G. U., present a dual debate between the two institutions. The question is: "Resolved, That the Democratic Party Should Rescind the Two-Thirds Majority Rule."

The debate will take place on the evening of December 6th. The affirmative men are Newell Hooey and Edwin Regan. The negative men are Bernard Dobbins and John Connolly.

As something new in the debating line, the interruption system will be resorted to. Intense interest has been aroused in the affair, and it promises to be hotly contested. Hooey, Regan, and Connolly, with their experience in this line, will be hard men to beat. Dobbins, only a Sophomore, will get his baptism of fire on this night, but as regards ability shown in interclass debating, he promises to rank with the best.

Alumni Honors Dick Fitzgerald

On last Thursday at the Whitcomb Hotel in San Francisco, a dinner in honor of William (Dick) Fitzgerald, President of the Saint Mary's Alumni Association, was held. Mr. Fitzgerald was recently elected sheriff of San Francisco, following a terrific political conflict. In recognition of his victory, his fellow Alumni members got together and sponsored this affair as a means of congratulation.

Mr. Fitzgerald, speaking at the banquet, thanked all for the support which they gave him in his run for office. He is of the opinion that though perhaps the grid battle Saturday will be just as hard as was his fight, still Saint Mary's will be returned victors just as he was.

"Annual" Activities Are In Full Swing

Preparations for the "Annual" are in full swing even this early. The graduating class has had their pictures taken and the Juniors as well. Photos of society officers and the like will soon follow. This is certainly a very good idea, getting things going at this early date, and is starting a precedent that will be beneficial to all future Annual editors. Mr. Dennis of the Junior Class, the present editor, is the man behind the entire thing. Dennis believes in being an early bird.

Senior Rings Being Made

The first detachment of Senior insignias are on their way. Those of the fourth year men who decided on rings for class emblems put in their orders to Edwin Swallow, chairman of the committee in charge, and he placed the final order. The rings will be ready about the first week in December. All are going to have stones, instead of plain initialed rings as former classes had. They are something new and distinctive in the way of class rings around the institution.

SAINTS BEAT TIGERS BUT LOSE TO CLUB

LATTER WIN GIVES GAELS THE CONFERENCE TITLE

After successfully eluding defeat in every game following the California contest, the Galloping Gaels, on Sunday, Nov. 13, dipped their colors before the Olympic Club eleven of San Francisco 12 to 0. The only thing that can be said is that the Clubmen played their best game of the season, while the Saints played their worst. The line did not function well, and the backfield looked ineffectual in its attack, and pitifully weak against forward passes. "Cowboy" Kutsch, the range rider from Iowa, played a stellar game against the Red and Blue, and they just could not stop him, he scoring both of the Winged O touchdowns.

The following Friday, November 18. Madigan's men went up against the Pacific Tigers in their final contest in the Far Western Conference. A win would cinch the title, and win the Gaels did, with a score of 20 to 0. Though several of the regulars were out of the line, including Captain Bettencourt, the team went well, and although Pacific threatened several times the Saints always had enough punch to stop them from scoring. O'Gorman, Simas, and Pitchford were the Red and Blue scorers. McGarrigan, sub center, looked good, as did Herrin at guard, and Higgins at tackle. Phil Murphy, trying his hand at converting, kicked two goals after touchdown. McIntyre, going in for O'Gorman, played a whale of a game, putting the ball on the two yard line after a brilliant run, from whence Pitchford took it over. Haley, subbing later for Simas, also got away with a sparkling run, and threw some perfect passes.

All in all, the Saints looked good. Not pressed to win, they took things easy, and when the occasion demanded, showed good strength, both on offense and defense. Their showing, after the disastrous Club contest, was a tonic to their rooters, who look for a revival of the old fight and team work, which in turn will spell victory over Santa Clara Saturday.

MERRICK LEADS SAINT SCORERS

	Points
Merrick	24
Rooney	18
Bettencourt	18
McIntyre	12
O'Gorman	12
Bogan	6
Johnson	6
Pitchford	8
Simas	6
Illia	2
Murphy	2

SAINT IGNATIUS GETS JACK CLARK

Jack Clark, ex-'27, in his day one of the most garrulous students of the College, is at present attending Saint Ignatius College in San Francisco. Jack is going both day and night, getting his B. S. degree, as well as completing his course in law. On week-ends he is employed by the American District Telephone Company. Between school and work, Clark has his hands full.

Driscoll Elected Student Officer

The position of Secretary of the Associated Students of the College, left open by John O'Kane's departure from school, has been filled. "Heinie" Driscoll, star football and basketball man, has been elected to the office. Driscoll is a very popular man around the institution, and one of real initiative and ability. As regards his being able to fill the job, there is no need worrying in that direction. He will give future secretaries something to shoot at.

D. D. CLUB OF BOARDERS HOLD INITIATION

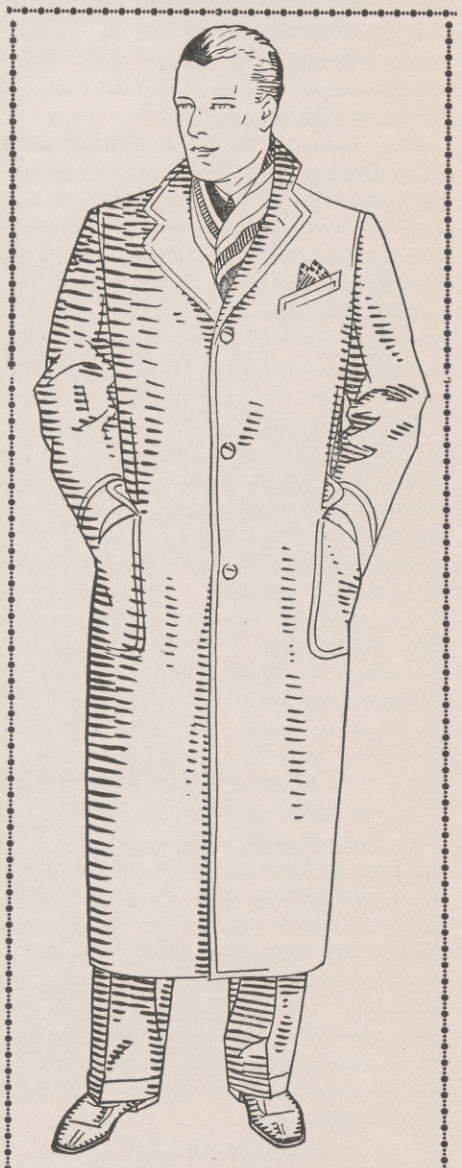
The D. D club of the Cliff Dwellers held its annual initiation last Wednesday evening Although it is hard to believe some of the vivid dsecriptions of this event, we have no doubt that the candidates had a very interesting time of it while it lasted. The Boarders had been planning this initiation all during the year, and during that ample time planned some good ordeals to put the new comers through.

SENIORS TO HOLD DANCE IN GYM.

DATE OF AFFAIR IS SET FOR DECEMBER 2

The Seniors are making their debut in the social life of the college for the school year. A dance will be held by them in the Alumni Gymnasium on the evening of Friday, December 2.

(Continued on page 8)



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ALUMNI TO DANCE AT THE WHITCOMB

TEAM TO BE GUESTS AFTER BIG GAME

As a climax to the expected victory of the Saints over their traditional rivals from Santa Clara, a dinner dance will be held at the Roof Garden of the Hotel Whitcomb following the game. The affair is sponsored by the Saint Mary's Alumni Association.

Coach Madigan and his team will be the guests of the evening, as well as the members of the faculty. This is also an annual event, having been held every year as a fitting aftermath to the big game between the two Catholic institutions. It will be a gala evening, as it always is, and all the old grads, like the young ones, will be there in one grand reunion.

The Saint Mary's Alumni Association, with William (Dick) Fitzgerald at their head, are behind the whole thing. Tickets for the affair are $3.50 per plate, and can be procured by application at the Alumni offices in the Phelan Building at San Francisco. As the teams will enter the game on even terms, and victory, which there is no doubt that Saint Mary's will attain, will be very sweet, and it is an assured fact that all the old grads will attend in a body.

FROSH RADIO FAN SUPPLIES ENTERTAINMENT

Al Amada, radio fan and expert of the Freshman class, has been supplying his fellow boarders with a distinctive type of entertainment. Al has a big set of his own, which at present is connected with five rooms outside of his own. It is rumored that he is considering the proposition of charging rental. Although the listeners derive benefit from Al's genius, nevertheless there would be weeping and wailing if he puts his idea into practice.

Captain Bettencourt

All set for the greatest game of his career Saturday

Student and Trainer Go A'hunting

The two foremost nimrods around the College are Dondero and Mac Goodrow, the trainer. Don came forth with the news that he and Mac had ventured forth in the direction of Newark, and there in a short hour had bagged six fine ducks. He also added that Mac fell into a creek and was almost drowned until Don could offer aid. This did not dampen the ardor of either, and they affirm that they are ready for another hunt in the near future.

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE GAME

	Saints to Win
Brother George	13 to 7
Brother Lewis	13 to 7
Brother Ralph	19 to 0
Professor Feeney	3 to 0
Professor Silva	13 to 6
Professor Sorrell	7 to 6
Mac Goodrow	18 to 6
Ray Arata	13 to 7
Tom McCambridge	6 to 0
Harry Bill	7 to 6
Ed Dennis	12 to 0
Dutch Conlan	12 to 6
Noel Sullivan	13 to 6

Aesop — "The Catholic College will win."

LOUIS DE AVILIA REPRESENTS SAINT MARY'S AT LAW MEETING

Louis De Avilia, '11, represented the Faculty of the School of Law at the meeting of Law Colleges of The Pacific Coast held in San Francisco recently.

Saint Mary's Men Buy Winter Garb

Winter is ushered in in more ways than one around here. Slickers are not the only means resorted to, to repell the rain and wet. The majority of the boarders, and plenty of the day students as well are invading the shoe stores of the Bay region in an energetic search after high top moccasin boots. Soon, with this precious equipment added to their apparel they will be ready to brave anything that the elements have to offer.

Gaels		Opponents	Broncos		Opponents
21	Army	0	6	California	14
16	Stanford	0	12	U. S. C.	52
0	California	13	12	St. Ignatius	6
23	St. Ignatius	0	36	Pacific	6
38	Nevada	0	7	Nevada	7
12	Gonzaga	0	0	O. Club	6
3	Idaho	3	13	Stanford	6
0	O. Club	12	6	Fresno	6
20	Pacific	0			
133		28	92		103

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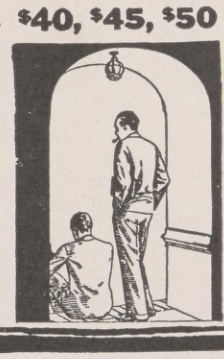
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A.P.G.U. FOOTBALL LUNCHEON HELD

ANNUAL EVENT BIG SUCCESS

Under the direction of the A. P. G. U. Society of the College, the annual football luncheon was held at the Hotel Leamington yesterday. This being a traditional affair, it was keenly supported by the students, who attended in large numbers.

Prominent among the speakers were Brother Gregory, Coach Madigan, Captain Lawrence Bettencourt, and Brother Agnon. Madigan promised a victory if the men got behind the team, and gave their whole-hearted support. Following, Captain Bettencourt, in one of his characteristic terse but mealy talks, said that there was no doubt but that the Saints would achieve victory. Then came Brother Agnon, who has attended these luncheons since their inauguration. He said that Santa Clara couldn't win in the usual Agnonian style.

All in all the luncheon was a big success, and everyone went away feeling satisfied, and filled to the brim with the old Gael spirit.

NEW RAINCOATS APPEAL TO GRID FANS

The new vest pocket rain coats put forth to the football fans by Roos Brothers have been very much in use by the students of the College in the Gonzaga game. Those who went and shivered in the rain, are bewailing the fact that they did not know that such an economical covering was on the market. The coats are made of some paraffine paper arrangement, and are so folded to put in one's pocket. They were very much in use during the California-Washington game.

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lett and MacIntyre ready to step in should the occasion demand it.

Due to injuries the Bronco quartet is rather uncertain, but Walsh will probably start Barsi at quarter, Captain Cummings and McCormick at halves, and Simoni at full. Terremere, Hassler, Miller Fawley, Ed. Cummings and Falk are capable reserves.

Like the lines, both backfields will be on an even basis. In power, O'Gorman, Merrick, Pitchford and Kasperowicz will probably hit harder than Simoni, McCormick and Terremere, the plunging backs of the Broncos. Both quartets are fast and shifty, and once any one of them gets out in the open, things might be dangerous. In punting, Simoni seems to have the edge over Simas and Joe Rooney, but should Ackerman do the kicking for the Saints Simoni will find a man who can boot that pigskin high and far.

Both teams are well balanced and both lines are hard to break through. Both teams are possessed of fairly good running atttacks, and should they fail, the aerial game will be resorted to. Again I say this game will be hard fought and one well worth the price of admission. The rooting sections will put on stunts between the halves, and believe me, the game should be a spirited one from beginning to end.

LET'S GO!

ST. MARY'S		SANTA CLARA
Frankian	R.E.	Valine
Tobin	R.T.	Ahart
Herrin	R.G.	Caresse
Bettencourt (c)	C.	Granucci
Illia	L.G.	Schenone
Ackerman	L.T.	Chisholm
Lein	L.E.	Kerchoff
O'Gorman	R.H.	(c) Cummings
Simas	L.H.	McCormick
Driscoll	Q.	Barsi
Pitchford	F.	Simoni

Stolich in Lime-Light Once More

Peter Stolich, known as the "Baron" to his fellow boarders, has been given a new name by the members of his public speaking class. Stolich is from the Pajaro Valley, the Apple Land of California, and has a real affinity, for, when being called upon to talk, to speak on nothing but apples—how to grow them, ship them, and eat them. The last Tuesday he gave a talk on how to make apple boxes. In result of his revelations regarding the apple industry, his mates have in a body decided to bestow the new appellation of "Apple Jack" on him. "Apple Jack" Stolich he now is.

DOCTOR T. T. SHEA, '11

Doctor T. T. Shea received congratulations from the Alumni, and especially the Class of '11. The occasion was the birth of a daughter to Mrs. Shea a short time ago.

(Continued from page 5)

Stennett starred in the Saint backfield with his sixty yard run, and his punting, and Hunt looked good in the line. The whole Gael frosh played consistently and stopped the Broncos time after time. The game brought out some very promising material for both Varsities next year.

As regards Pat Connolly, Freshman coach at the Mission College, he has no cause to feel blue. His team played a good game, and except for the offside penalty at the convert would have received a tie. This being his initial year as a coach, next year should see him producing a whale of a yearling eleven.

FRANCIS J. AUGER, '27

Francis J. "Joe Sellout" Auger is holding a responsible position in the City of Paris, one of San Francisco's large dry goods stores. He was very prominent during his Senior year, especially as a financial manager of the annual play, "Everyman."

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The affair is going to be a semi-barn dance, and the walls decorated with rustic equipment, will supply the farmyard environment. This is the first time that any such thing has been given around Saint Mary's, and in the way of an innovation promises to supply a delectable evening to all those who attend.

Bids for the dance will be $1.00 They will be on sale immediately following the Thanksgiving recess. The committee in charge have definite plans made regarding the hop, and are making preparations for a capacity crowd, to whom they assure a perfect evening. According to present plans, this will be the last dance of the year that any class will give.

FORMER PHOENIX CAPTAIN IN SACRAMENTO JOB

Al Westlake, former Phoenix Captain, is in the service station business in Sacramento. He is part owner of a string of stations. Al is also playing ball every Sunday. He will be an ardent rooter at the game Saturday.

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